

THE WAR CRY

AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA, N.W. AMERICA AND NEWFOUNDLAND

19th Year. No. 50.

WILLIAM BOOTH,
General.

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 12, 1903.

EVANGELINE BOOTH,
Commissioner.

Price, 5 Cents.

OVER
PACIFIC
COAST

NATIVE
SALVATIONISTS

Killisnoo, Alaska.

Indian Salvationists Ready for the March.
Lower Lais Cannery, B.C.

(See Article, p. 4.)

"Lowliness."

I cannot sing as angels would,
A harp I cannot play;
But I can live to please my Lord,
And serve Him every day.

I cannot preach a sermon grand,
To please a learned crowd;
But I can take the children's hand,
And point them to my God.

O Lord, I am content to fill
A place of low degree,
If only I can do Thy will,
And meekly learn of Thee!

—Sel.

Gold Dust.

GATHERED BY W. R. H.

When working with others, never laugh or make fun of their awkwardness. If it is caused by stupidity, your laugh is uncharitable; if from ignorance, your mockery is, to say the least, unjust. Teach the unskillful with gentleness; show them the right way to work, and God, who sees all your efforts, will smile on your patience, and send you help in all your difficulties.

When the heart is heavy, and we suffer, from depression or disappointment, how thankful we should be that we still have work and prayer left to comfort us. Occupation forcibly diverts the mind, prayer sweetly soothes the soul. Tell all your griefs to God; as a child tells its troubles to its mother, and when you have told all, and repeated with a lightened heart, "Thy will be done for ever and ever, O Lord," without if or but, then for fear a murmur may arise in your heart return immediately to your work, and become absorbed in occupation.

How few there are who would thus dare to address God each night: "Lord, deal with me to-morrow as I have this day dealt with others. Those to whom I was harsh, and from malice or to show my own superiority exposed their failings; others to whom, from pride or dislike, I refused to speak—one I have avoided, another I cannot like because she displeases me—I will not forgive, to whom I will not show any kindness." And yet let us never forget that sooner or later God will do unto us even as we have done unto them. We fall short of our duty when we let those with whom we are brought in contact leave us without having given them a kind thought or pious impression. A kind word, a gentle act, a modest demeanor, a loving smile, are as so many golden grains in our lives.

There are times in one's life when all the world seems to turn against us. Our motives are misunderstood, our words misconstrued, a malicious smile or an unkind word reveals to us the unfriendly feelings of others. Our advances are repulsed, or met with icy coldness. How hard it all seems, and the more so that we cannot divine the cause. But have courage and patience. It is rare when injustice or slights patiently borne do not leave the heart at the close of the day filled with marvelous joy and peace.

That which costs little is of little worth. In our self-examination we may experience at times a certain satisfaction in noticing the little virtues we may possess, above all those that render us pleasing to the eyes of others. For instance, we may like to pray at a certain place, with certain sentiments, and we think ourselves devout; we are gentle, polite, and smiling towards one person in particular; patient with those we fear, or in whose good opinion we would stand; we are devout, charitable, generous, because the heart experiences an unspeakable pleasure in spending and being spent for others. We suffer willingly at the hands of some we love, and then say we are patient; we are silent because we have no inclination to speak; shunning society because we fail to shine there, and then fancy that we love retirement. Take these virtues that give you such self-satisfaction, one by one, and ask yourself at what sacrifice, labor, or cost, above all with what care you have managed to acquire them. Alas! you will find that all that

patience, affability, generosity, and piety, are but as naught, springing from a heart puffed up with pride. It costs nothing, and it is worthless. As self-sacrifice is the basis and essence of virtue, so those virtues are most meritorious that have cost the greatest effort to attain. Do not look with so much pride on this collection of virtues, but rather bring yourself to account for your faults. Take just one, the first that comes—impatience, sloth, gossip, uncharitableness, sulkiness—whatever it may be, and attack it bravely to prevent its attaining dominion over you. That one subdued, then take another.

Men Who Move the World.

The world may be divided into two classes. The first is composed of the great mass of men without strong ambitions, without strong principles, without either the need or power to think out things for themselves. They are content to live, as it were, from hand to mouth—in so far as they are virtuous, doing their duties; in so far as they are vicious, avoiding them, with no inquiry into the deeper reasons of things, and the fundamental difference between virtue and vice. The second class is a comparatively small one, though its limits cannot be defined with any great exactness. It consists of men with minds and wills so active that they cannot take things thus quietly. There are two questions, one of which they will ask, and very often both of them: What meaning can be wrung out of life? and how can we ourselves wring out this meaning? These are the men, who, in a greater or less degree, approach the ideals of sanctity, of heroism, or of genius. These are the salt of the earth, the little leaven, hid in a barrel of meal. These are that gifted minority by whom man's blind instincts are converted into clear governing principles shown in action by example, by whom the world is taught and whom the world follows.

Temperance Notes.

The liquor traffic has received three solar plexus blows on the continent this week. King Edward, in a public address, has placed the ban on wine-drinking in the army, declaring it must cease, and that his health can be drunk just as well in water as in wine.

Count Von Haeseler, until lately commander of the sixteen army corps and one of Emperor William's military intimates, has issued a strong protest against the use of strong liquor by soldiers. He has been an abstainer nearly twenty-five years, and declares:

"The soldier who abstains altogether is the best man. He can accomplish more, march better, and is a better soldier than the man who drinks even moderately. Mentally and physically he is better. Brandy is the worst poison of all. Next to it comes beer. Each limits the capacity and lowers mind, body, and soul. Strong drinks tires and only increases thirst. For soldiers, water, coffee, and above all, tea."

Finally, Prof. Mazzoni, the Pope's attendant, attributed Leo's extraordinary tenacity of life to "a healthy heart, unimpaired by alcohol, and strengthened by regular, simple habits."

Heaven and Earth are Ours.

We have a far-off heaven to aspire to. Every one can think of it and long for it. A commonplace world is close at hand. We can see it as we toil and suffer for it, and dream and aspire as we toil and suffer. No one of us is without the incitement and the hope of heaven, or without the everyday possession of the common world as it is. Donald G. Mitchell puts the truth before us when he says, "A wide, rich heaven hangs above you, but it hangs very high. A wide, rough world is around you, and it lies very low." Heaven is very high; and earth is very low. You can have both, and you ought not to be content without both.

There are three modes of bearing the ills of life—by indifference, which is the most common; by philosophy, which is the most ostentatious; and by religion, which is the most effective.

THE IRISH FIDDLER.

Pity, or compassion, has an essential requisite for Christ's work. If you see Him standing before a blind man, there is the looking up to heaven, and the sigh, as of the burden of the Lord upon him, and then the opening of the eyes; the pity first, and as a necessary outcome, help. There is a kind of pity, you know, which begins and ends with emotions, and leads to no useful result. You may come sometimes to listen to an address, and while the speaker is telling you of some dire human need, the fountains of your pity may be opened, and the tears run down your cheeks, and you think, perhaps, honestly enough, that you are most sympathetic and pitiful; I believe, however, that God would rather a few less tears and a little more work. Sighs and emotions are good enough in their place, but unless they lead us to the battlefield where human souls can be helped, and human lives redeemed, they will avail but little; not to those who say, "Lord, Lord," but to those who will do the will of the Father shall heaven's gate be opened.

You may rely upon it, too, that human sympathy and human compassion, provided they find expression in some effort such as men can understand, are amongst the very best qualifications for Christian work; I am not sure that I should be going too far were I to say that you may do useful work for God without possessing much eloquence, or intellectual capacity, or wealth, or physical strength, but I have never yet known a successful worker for God who could not be moved with compassion, and did not cultivate the gift of sympathy. In a word,

SYMPATHY WILL SUCCEED WHERE ARGUMENT
WILL FAIL.

I remember, many years ago, when I was myself a boy, I was accustomed to hold an open-air service in one of the poorest courts of my neighborhood; the inhabitants were mostly Irish Roman Catholics, and the bulk of my congregation consisted of those who opened their windows, and sat in their own rooms listening. There was one old man, however, who adopted against me a form of opposition to which I was particularly susceptible, and which I personally found excessively distracting. No sooner had I begun to speak than he would start fiddling, all the music-hall tunes, and he would break into the middle of my prayer with the strains of "Tommy, Make Room for Your Uncle," or the particular "Ta-ra-ra-Boon-de-ay," of the day. I used sometimes to remonstrate with this good fellow, but never could make any impression whatever; I was a Protestant and he was a Roman Catholic, and that was quite enough for him, he would have none of me or my arguments. It so happened that this gentleman put himself in the long run, within the reach of the presiding authorities at Bow Street, and he was locked up for a few months. His poor little boy was left in the court with no one to look after him, and, naturally enough, I lent the little chap some help to tide him over his "grass-orphanhood." For the next few weeks we had an unwonted peace at our meetings, but one fine day in autumn I heard, to my horror, the first few tuning notes of the violin, which always preceded the catgut attack. You may imagine my amazement when my friend came downstairs, and, taking his stand in the court, actually played on his violin the hymn tune that we were singing; all through the service we had no interruption from him, and on my going up to him to thank him, and to express my gratification at the very extraordinary change in his conduct, he contented himself with the remark that he was not going to disturb me any more, for I was "the bloke that had looked after his kid." Believe me, if you want to reach the fathers and the mothers, to show sympathy with "the kid" is not a bad way to begin. Want of this same sympathy and compassion is responsible for a great quantity of the infidelity in the world. When Christ came with His divine message, He bore human griefs, He wept at the tomb of Lazarus, He had compassion with the sorrow of the bereaved mother, and on the multitude in the desert because they were hungry, leaving us an example, and telling us that we should follow in His footsteps.—Q. H.

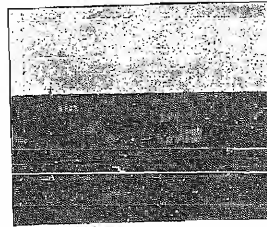
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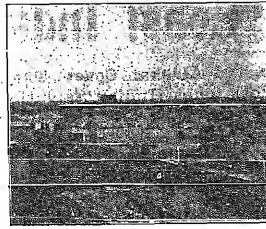
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Moorhead, 1871.

Memories of Moorhead, Minn.

BY CAPT. LACEY.



Moorhead, 1876.

Moorhead, Minn., the county seat of Clay County, Minn., had its inception about July 4th, 1871, at the time the Northern Pacific Railroad crossed the Red River to the north. Like most new towns of the West, the site of the present 4th Street was soon filled up with tents, or half-frame and half-tent places of business. A log jail was also built, which was principally used to confine horse-thieves. The oldest settlers like to tell of the time when Blinky Jack was arrested for horse-stealing and locked up in this jail, and how he broke through and got away. They also still talk of the rough character of people at that time, and of shootings and disorders of all kinds.

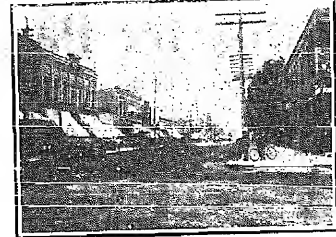
In the summer of 1874 Dr. John Kurtz built the first plastered house, and the Lamb Bros. made the first bricks in Moorhead. The first N. P. train reached here on January 1st, 1872. It consisted of five engines without any cars. By 1879 a general revival of business had set in and all kinds of trade became active. The successful growth of hard wheat of the best kind, in the black soil of the level prairies of the Red River Valley, attracted many people into the country, seeking to make their fortunes. Speculators bought up land for miles around the village, which soon rose to the dignity of the county seat. An imposing County Court House was erected, and business blocks were added from time to time. The State Normal School was established and suitable buildings erected. The Swedish Lutherans founded an educational institution; the Norwegian Lutherans founded the Concordia College, which has had a remarkable development, enrolling in its second year 261 students. The first public school held in Moorhead, was a subscription school begun in the summer of 1872, and held in the Presbyterian Chapel. To-day the public schools of the city, three in number, rank among the best in the State. Twenty teachers are engaged.

The present population is about 5,000. The city is situated on the main line of both N. P. and G. N. Railways. There are numerous industries, among them the Dwight Flour Mills, with a capacity of 1,000 bbls. daily, operating night and day, forty-eight weeks in a year, employing thirty men, consuming 700,000 bushels of wheat. Extensions and improvements to the amount of \$3,000 are being done at present. Their grain elevator has a capacity of 100,000 bushels.

There are Stook Yards, two Wagon Factories, Plow Factory, Brick Yards and Planing Mills, Flax Fibre Mill, Cooper Shops and Lumber Yards, Broom Factory, also the Moorhead Foundry, employing twelve men the year round, casting twice a week, completing 200 sets of sleighs per year; also Grain and Water Tanks, beside general work. The town is well equipped with electric lights, water works and artesian wells. It is also a large shipping point of wheat and other grains, potatoes, hay, dairy produce, and live stock. The climate is healthful, the air being clear and dry in winter, no malaria or ague, being situated on the beautiful level prairie with a gradual slope to the river, giving it perfect drainage.



Mr. August Anderson,
of Moorhead Foundry, a
staunch friend and sup-
porter of the S. A.



Moorhead Main Street.

WHERE WE COME IN.

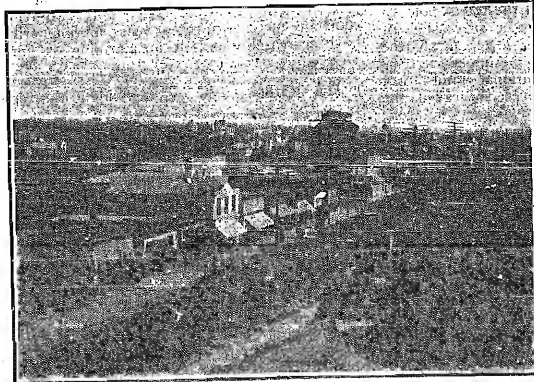
The Salvation Army invaded the city in 1895, led on by Capt. Lindeman, and found a warm place in the hearts of the people from the outset. The barracks was crowded every night and conversions were frequent, several officers having been sent out of this corps at that time, who are to-day fighting for God in the American field.

It was not long until the usual persecutions set in, and the authorities attempted to prevent the marching and open-air work. The sentiment of almost the entire community was in favor of the freedom which the Constitution of the United States gives to all men. A few arrests were made, and a trial, in which the S. A. came out victorious as usual. One night several hundred citizens marched out with the corps to show that their sympathies were with our work, and also their disapproval of the course pursued by the authorities at that time. Mr. O. J. Sullivan, now a prosperous hardware merchant, was then Chief of Police, and though not in sympathy with the prosecution of the Army, was compelled

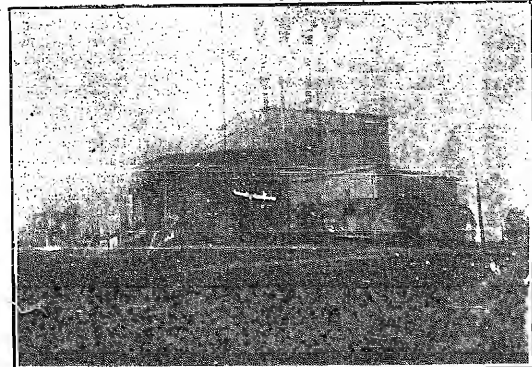
(Continued on page 10.)



Moorhead Corps and Officers.



View of Moorhead, Minn.



Dwight Flour Mill.

Among the Pacific Coast Indians.

The Native Tribes of the British Columbia and Alaskan Coast—Their Habits and Characteristics—Totem Poles and Potlaches—Indian Salvationists: Where and What They Are—Our Army Settlement on the Skeena.

BY LIEUT.-COLONEL FRIEDRICH.

AFTER having spent several weeks among the Indians of Alaska and British Columbia, I am more than ever convinced that the Salvation Army has a great future among these natives. It is certain that we are under a moral obligation to retain or assume the supervision and leadership of the Indian Salvationists in a certain number of places, while on the other hand there are yet heathen villages waiting the arrival of missionaries, and there lies our opportunity for extension.

I am not altogether a novice with Indians. Having spent some two years largely among them nearly twenty years ago, and having come in contact with them more or less during the last ten years, I have of necessity gained some knowledge of the peculiarity of any missionary work among these natives. I might say, however, that the difference must be sought chiefly in the environments, the locality, the social conditions, the language and habits, etc., and not in any particular character of the red race. After all, human nature is very much the same, whether hidden under a white, black, yellow, or red skin; the difference of races, castes, and nations is chiefly outwardly. Hence, in dealing with the Indian, treat him as a man like yourself, but as a child in character, and you have found the key to success. The Indian is an excellent imitator, but a poor manager. It is no use to say, "Go and do this," but you must say, "Come, let us do this." What I have to say later on as to the success of our officers among them is due to the fact that they have set the example.

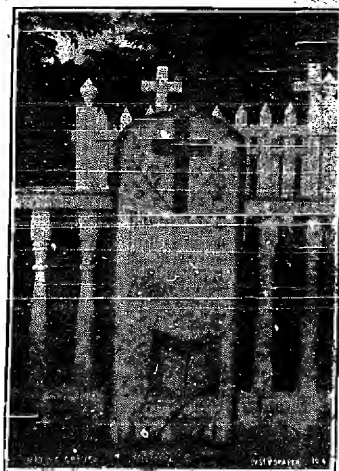
Now, I want to speak, not about the Indians in general, but about the Indians living on the Pacific Coast, both in British Columbia and Alaska.

There is quite a difference between the Coast Indians and their race brethren of the interior, especially the Prairie and Eastern tribes. This difference is noticeable in feature, in build, in language, in habits, traditions, and customs.

THE DIFFERENT TRIBES.

In the first place let me say that our present work is among two main tribes—the Zimzians, or Zimshians, and the Thlingets, or Klingets.

The Zimzians comprise a tribe which probably received its name from Fort Simpson, the name of an old Hudson Bay Company's Post, the English word Simpson being corrupted into Zimz in (pronounce Tsim-tsi-ahn), but that assumption may be wrong. The tribes living today on the Naas and Skeena Rivers and on the B. C. Coast between and near these rivers, speak one language, although they vary in dialects.



A Christian Indian's Grave, Killisnoo, Alaska.

The Indians living in the Upper Skeena villages are called Kitz-zians, which means the People of the River. There are other distinct tribes in B. C., but we have no work among them. Those nearest to our present corps are the Hydahs, on Queen Charlotte Island, a tribe noted for their splendid canoes and miniature stone totem poles, and the Babins, a branch of a large and powerful tribe, whose domain stretches from the banks of the Yukon, following the water courses between the interior mountains, crossing the upper Skeena near Hazelton, along rivers and lakes right down to the Gulf of Mexico.

The Thlinget Indians dwell on the Islands and shores of Alaska, from its southern limit up to the Lynn Canal. Their language is entirely different from that of the Zimzians, but the difference is not very great in appearance. Both tribes resemble much more the Japanese than the Indians dwelling in the interior. They are short in stature, with round long faces and features akin to the Mongolian. A Zimzian Indian told me that several words in their language are exactly like the Japanese, and that they possess a legend which tells of a big boat



Thlinget Indian, Alaska.

coming to the shore from the west and being wrecked on the rocky shore of B. C. It is quite apparent to any close observer that the theory of an early Japanese invasion has much in its favor.

THE TOTEM POLE AND ITS MEANING.

Another distinct feature of these Indians is the totem pole. It is not quite certain what the purpose of these peculiar monuments are, but we know of two ends it serves:

(1) It is a family record, giving the genealogy of the parents. In this case the totem pole (a large tree-trunk carved into a succession of crude figures) shows in the lower figure the family of the mother, and in the upper the tribe of the father. Generally an animal stands for a family. So we find the beaver, the raven, the whale, the frog, the bear, the eagle, the wolf, the fish, etc., are represented.

(2) It serves as a record of a potlatch. An Indian likes to be considered poor. He likes to be rich and powerful, and the way to show it is to give a potlatch. That means a feast to which all belonging to the native aristocracy are invited. Sometimes the one who gives the feast likes to show his power by making his guests perform some unusual feats. On one occasion (only last winter) an Indian who gave a potlatch made all his guests pass into his house through a hole in the roof. At another occasion the host prevented the inhabitants for half a day from taking water from the river. Inside, the tables are spread with abundance of food, and whatever the guests cannot eat they carry away in bags brought for that purpose. Then the host is bound to give a



An Indian Madonna.

present to each of his guests, and piles of blankets are brought out to be torn in strips and distributed. Dancing and feasting go on day and night until all resources are exhausted. One of the dances is

THE DOG DANCE.

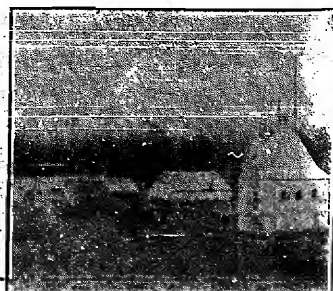
An Indian kills a dog, and then tears pieces of raw flesh out of the carcass with his teeth until the blood streams down his mouth and body, presenting a weird spectacle. Another dance—the height of the ambitions of Indians—is the smash dance. One woman recently carried it into practice. During its performance she went around the village, into every dwelling, smashing every article of value which she could espy, afterwards paying for the damage to show how rich she was.

After a potlatch a totem pole is carved, recording in figures and symbols the wonderful feast, who were present, and how much was given away. The Indians jealously watch the carver of the pole lest he put in too much. One of these totem poles erected in memory of a very recent potlatch cost no less than \$500. A dear pedigree indeed!

The ancient traditions governing the morals of the Indians before the white man's arrival were very strict, and some of the Indians tell me of their having witnessed the burning of a woman accused of adultery. Otherwise they had laws which were strict, but the association with many of the unscrupulous and adventurous white men who used to drift into the West in the early opening of that region spoiled the Indians, who, like other aborigines, more readily acquired the vices of the pale-face than his virtues. The Indian had his old moral code taken from him before that of Christianity was substituted, and in this manner his moral views became unbalanced. This accounts for the dishonesty and immorality which exist among the tribes today. But not only their moral but their physical health has been sadly impaired through contact with the white man; only two tribes show any increase of recent years, all other tribes have decreased—some to an alarming extent.

HEATHEN HOUSES.

The heathens who still abound at this date



Indian Heathen Graves at Hazelton, B.C.

live in a very primitive fashion in rough, barn-like dwellings, without windows, but only a hole in the roof to let out the smoke. From six to ten families often live in one house, without any partitions. The dead are buried outside the door, and only at a shallow depth, which, of course, is a most disease-breeding habit. They believe in a great Good Spirit, and a host of other spirits, and in witches. The medicine-man is called in case of sickness, when they believe the soul is about leaving the body, and hovering over it. The medicine-man, by hideous mask and a terrible noise, seeks to drive away the evil spirits who are after the soul, and to force the soul back into the body.

Nevertheless, the work of faithful missionaries, chiefly of the Episcopal and Methodist Churches, has told on the other hand, and has given to a portion of these Indians the foundation of good morals and a Christian faith. Of the missionaries' efforts I have the highest appreciation, and in a number of villages the improvement brought about is remarkable. Still there remains much to be done, and there is much room for the work of the teacher and preacher to be done.

Like nearly all our pioneer work, the Salvation Army work started spontaneously. In a number of places, in fact, some missionaries adopted our methods, which led to a band of Indians separating themselves from the church. We were very reluctant to assume any responsibility in connection with it. Unfortunately this led to considerable misunderstanding. Two or three of the missionaries strongly objected to the existence of these irresponsible bands of Indians calling themselves the Salvation Army, suspecting the S. A. authorities having recently encouraged them in their secession. That was not so. We had sent, in 1895, an officer to investigate affairs, but nothing further had been done. However, matters developed in such a way that in 1898 the Commissioner felt a moral obligation to bring those irresponsible bands who had assumed our name under our discipline, and by having officers placed with them seek to restore harmony and good will between the various parties. That the presence of our officers has done much good, brought a healthy supervision, and a general improvement into local affairs in general is fully admitted by the white residents of the places where we are now represented. I fully appreciate the kind and at times very hearty, welcome and hospitality shown by the various missionaries whom I met. So we may consider the little "family quarrel," as one missionary called it, as having been happily settled, and a feeling of good will and friendliness established. I think this should be as well understood by the general public as the local residents understand it.

WHERE ARE WE TO-DAY?

This will be the natural question of my readers, and I am going to answer the same in as detailed a manner as the brief space at my disposal will allow me to do.

As previously indicated, we are represented in British Columbia and Alaska. Dealing with British Columbia first, we have corps at Port Essington, Fort Simpson, and Glen Vowell.

Adj. Smith and Ensign Thorkildson took charge of Fort Simpson and Port Essington,

living in one place in the winter and moving to the latter place in the summer, when nearly all the Fort Simpson Indians also move there for the fishing season. We have a nice little corps in each place, and, as a whole, our soldiers are a credit to the Salvation Army, and the officers in charge. Each place owns a neat building well suited for meetings, and the crowds attending are very good.

Nearly every soldier and convert wears uniform. An idea of this may be gathered from the fact that Adj. Smith, during his time (four years) has sold nearly \$1,400 worth of Army merchandise.

Our Indians are splendid singers; they know how to keep both tune and time. My heart was never so stirred with the beauty of the well-known song, "Nearer, my God, to Thee," than when I heard them sing it on our knees in a Sunday night meeting. The even swell of the notes and the depth of feeling in the voices



Adj. and Mrs. Smith, Port Simpson, B.C.

moved me powerfully. Again and again we repeated the refrain—

"Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee."

until the whole congregation seemed to have but one soul, and that soul sobbing out its longing in the one song.

WANTED—INDUSTRIES.

The greatest need of the Indians, as it impresses me, is some better means of employment. It is a pity that there is not some industry in existence which keeps them employed after the salmon fishing is over. The Indians are not lazy, and if you can give them employment they will work and do their work well. Employment for the adults, practical teaching of the children, and patient, loving supervision and exhortation of all by our officers and the missionaries are the three principles which are necessary to create peaceful and successful Indian communities.

(To be continued.)

"FIRE! FIRE!"

This was the alarm given by the Salvation Army officers on their way to the depot to catch the 2.20 train in the morning. Everything is quiet, the people all around appear to be slumbering and sleeping away, not thinking of any danger; but underneath one of the large hotels a fire is burning, and will soon reach the top, where the inmates are sleeping, unconscious

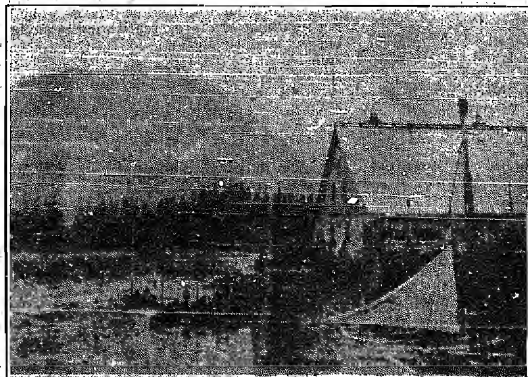
of danger. We can see the situation at a glance, and without stopping to consider the cause of the fire, or the feelings of the people, kick open the door, make a great noise, and shout, "Fire! Fire!" Then we give the alarm to the Fire Department, and, waken the people up just in time to prevent a great deal of damage and the loss of life.

Is not this an exact illustration of the state and condition of things around us, seen from a spiritual standpoint? The sinner is asleep in his sins. The fire of God's wrath is already kindled. Soon it will cut him off from safety, and he will perish for ever in the flames of an eternal fire. He must be awakened and rescued.

A great indifference is settling upon the world, not only upon the unsaved, but also upon the Christians of the day. "While the bridegroom tarried they all slumbered and slept," is applicable to the present time. To preach of hell fire is not popular now-a-days. People want scientific sermons, love stories, and anything else but the real truth; and many preachers are just trying to please the people, crying, "Peace, peace" when there is no peace. But this kind of preaching will never arouse the sinner and "make his guilty conscience dread the death that never dies." They must be awakened and made to realize their danger, or they will never flee for refuge. This can only be done effectually by the straight truth regarding the awfulness of sin, the judgment, and eternal damnation. They will soon find the way of escape when once they are thoroughly awakened.

A gentleman who had been attending our meetings said that he would not come any more, as the writer spoke too much about hell fire, but a short time afterwards he was seen at the penitent form crying for deliverance. The truth evidently had taken effect. The love of Christ must constrain us to speak the straight truth, regardless of the feelings of people, or what they say and think about us. Is it a fact that there is a hell, an eternal punishment, where the "worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched," where every unregenerated sinner and ever-unprofitable servant will be cast? Is the Bible true? Then let us act as though we believed it. Never mind the flowery discourses and big words that the common people cannot understand. Tell the truth, and tell it with all the earnestness of your soul, that the people may feel and believe that it is true. When they are saved they will thank us, and thank God, for saving them from a never-ending hell.

Sinner, where art thou? Do you realize your position? What would become of you if the brittle thread of life was snapped in twain? If God and the Bible is true, you would sink into hell to be lost for ever and ever. Jesus said, "Except a man be born again he cannot see the Kingdom of God," and "The wicked shall be turned into hell with all nations that forget God." Oh, escape for your life, do not delay a minute longer; before another day passes your soul may be in hell, and once there, there is no escape. "For how shall we escape if ye neglect so great salvation?" Your only hope is to turn to God and seek refuge through the death of the Saviour, and you must do it right away.—Colin Campbell.



A Port Essington Cannery Wharf During Fishing Season.



The Hudson Bay Company's Boat "Mount Royal" Going up the Skeena River.

The Soldiers' Arsenal.

Notes on Genesis.

BY BRIGADIER SOUTHALL.

Chapter XXI.

BIRTH OF ISAAC.

"At last the time for fulfilment has arrived. During five and twenty years cheering assurances had brightened the gloom of Abraham's pilgrimage; he had risen to God by akars and prayers, and God had descended to him by visions and revelations; he had obeyed with spontaneous faith, and had received signs and pledges; a covenant had sanctified, and miraculous aid had protected his life; land and posterity were promised blessings guaranteed to his seed and to mankind; the child of faith had been announced both to him and to Sarah; and the realization corresponded with the promises."

In the banishment of Hagar and Ishmael from Abraham's household we have an example of God's independence of any expedient. Abraham's affection for Ishmael caused him to feel sorrowful, although he may possibly have felt, too, that if anything happened to Isaac it would be well that Ishmael remained. But God's declaration falls upon his ear—"In Isaac shall thy seed be called."

The child of the flesh cannot associate with the child of faith, or as the apostle puts it ages afterwards, righteousness cannot have any fellowship with unrighteousness, nor light any communion with darkness, nor the believer any concord with an unbeliever. Read Gal. iv. 22 to 31.

God does not accomplish His purposes by a series of patchwork, but His plan is made according to His will, and He is able to carry it to a finish worthy of His own name and His glory, as He did in His promises to Abraham.

The purposes of God could not be carried out with the two boys dwelling together in the same house, which is a striking illustration of God's jealousy for His own work. This is also true of His dealings with individuals. How many thwart the purposes of God in their lives because they want the child of faith and the child of flesh, as selfishness or sin in some form, to mingle together. Little wonder that there are so many with "fightings within and fears without." It cannot be otherwise where the two natures are allowed to exist. It is God's purpose that the child of the bond woman should be cast out, and the child of the free made the medium of effecting His will and His purpose in our lives.

God's mercy is nevertheless manifested to Hagar in her distress. He opened her eyes to see the well of water that was at her feet, and thus saved the life of her child. He is gracious to the sinner, and goes out of His way to show those who feel their need of the waters of life where the "wells of salvation" are. Perhaps some one, as they read these lines, may be sighing for the refreshing waters of Salvation. If so, cry unto God, and He will hear, and you will find that they are near to you, right at your feet, and you may stoop and drink and live.

Our Sacred Charter.

IV.—THE HISTORICAL BOOKS.

(Continued.)

ESTHER.

The book of Esther relates an episode of the history of those Israelites who did not return from captivity, showing their moral decline. Having chosen to remain in a heathen land, Mordecai and his family fall in with the usages of their adopted nationality till they find their lives imperilled. His kinswoman, Esther, was constrained to compete for a place in the harem of the heathen monarch. Mordecai entreats her to conceal her nationality and religion to gain temporal power and wealth. Although God did

not turn a deaf ear to His people, and in answer to their prayer, delivered them, yet His name remained secret among them. How very strongly the conduct of Mordecai contrasts with that of Daniel under similar circumstances. Again, how much different he appears from the noble character of Nehemiah and Ezra.

The incident is supposed to have taken place between the sixth and seventh chapters of Ezra, and that Ahasuerus was Artaxerxes.

The author of the book is unknown, but we may well conclude that it was Mordecai, since no other person could have had such intimate knowledge of all the details and names as is shown in this story.

At any rate the feast of Purim remains to this date as an evidence of the truth of this story; and the book has always been considered canonical by both Jews and Christians.

The excessive love which the Jews have ever shown for this book (of which one scholar said that in passing to it from the other books of the Old Testament we fall, as it were, from heaven to earth) illustrates their complete surrender to the spirit of the age in which it was produced. It was an age that had fallen out of sympathy with the teachings of the prophets, and was unprepared for the spiritual conception of the Gospel. National pride and a certain faith in their own fortunes as a people, with a disposition to make the most of their heathen masters by the use of such worldly wisdom as they possessed, seem to have formed the chief characteristics of those who still claimed to be God's people.

Among Christians this book has naturally been less esteemed. Luther says, when referring to the 2nd Maccabees, "I have so little favor for this book and the book of Esther that I wish they did not exist; they are too Judaizing, and contain many heathenish improprieties."

I find the great thing in this world is not so much in where we stand as in what direction we are moving; to reach the port of heaven we must sail sometimes with the wind and sometimes against it—but we must sail, and not drift nor lie at anchor.—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Instruction Drill.

What a Soldier Should Know About His Duties and Privileges, and the Teachings of the Salvation Army.

XII.—FAMILY PRAYER.

It may only be possible for Salvation soldiers who are the heads of households to have regular prayer in the family, but wherever a soldier has the power to arrange for this service he should do so; and in either case he should strive to make the occasion as lively and useful as he would if it were a meeting in the barracks. Thus he may do in very much the same way—that is, by asking those present to take part, either in prayer, reading, or song.

At twelve-thirty every day the Salvation soldier should draw near to God, and ask His blessing on the Army all round the world.

Two minutes should be spent in prayer after each meal, thanking God for His mercy, and praying for the spread of the Bread of Life throughout the world.

The Salvation soldier should accustom himself to what is called *mental prayer*, that is, the continual sending up of the heart to God for His blessing amidst the conflicts, businesses, and recreations of life.

Prayer should be mingled with praise. Not only should requests be continually going up to God for future mercies, but also thanksgiving for those that are being continually received.

The soldiers must avoid any thoughtless, and therefore *profane* praying, such as saying "The Lord save you!" to comrades in conversation, when there is no serious thought in his mind that they are either unsaved or in need of any special deliverance.

OPEN-AIR WORK.

BY ADJT. BOGGS.

When we, as followers of Christ, realize our responsibility towards God and dying souls, we will be willing to go all lengths to save souls. And what an opportunity we have in our open-air work to push the claims of God home to the hearts of many who never go to church or barracks to listen to the story of the cross. Helpless of ourselves, yet "Christ in us" will enable us to pluck sinners as brands from the burning. Should we allow the people on every side to perish because they won't come to our places of worship? We must go to them as our Master did. The groves were the first temples. Adam heard the voice of God in the garden. Abram's altar was out of doors beside his tent, and Moses gave his message to the people of Israel under the open sky. The prophets were open-air preachers. It was from Mount Carmel that Elisha cried, "If God be God, follow Him." Solomon writes, "Wisdom crieth without in the streets and in the chief places of the concourse." Ezra and Nehemiah were open-air preachers and read the law from a wooden platform in the open streets of Jerusalem. Jeremiah used to foretell the downfall of the nation by dashing an earthen bottle to pieces before the eyes of those who went out where he preached. Ezekiel bore testimony to the truth of God by the river Chebar among the captives. Jonah preached in the streets of Nineveh and the Ninevites believed the message and repented before God. Habakkuk stood upon his tower and watched to hear what God would say unto him. John the Baptist was an open-air preacher; in the wilderness of Judea and by the Jordan he cried, "Repent, for the Kingdom of Heaven is at hand." Jesus, our Saviour, went to the people; sometimes it was the multitudes on the mountain, then the woman at the well, and then at last He hung between heaven and earth and purchased a complete salvation for all who would "look unto Him and be saved." Paul was an open-air preacher; he stood in the midst of Mars Hill and said "that God had commanded men every to repent." Wesley, our General, and many others, have won hundreds for God by going to the masses; and shall not we, with all these glorious examples, be provoked to good works, and in His name go and do likewise?

A Wonderful Movement in Italy.

A Roman Catholic Society in Rome, called S. Girolamo, has printed a cheap twopenny edition of the four Gospels and the Acts of the Apostles, all bound together, and they have had an immense sale. In the Preface, Pope Leo XIII. actually offers three hundred days' "indulgence" to those who will read them for one quarter of an hour daily.

The readers are recommended to begin their reading with a few words of prayer to God for light to enable them to rightly understand the Scriptures, and also to end with prayer for grace and strength to practice the good and holy lessons therein contained.

Not only individual but family reading is also highly inculcated, and the head of the family is recommended to be careful to choose the most convenient hour for all to be present. The reading should be brief, reverential, not monotonous, but with expression, not too fast, but to allow sufficient time to reflect on the words read. Above all, great care should be taken that this good habit should never degenerate so as to repel instead of attracting all to the diligent perusal of the Word of God.

Pointed Paragraphs.

The three bad D's are: Dirt, debt, and the devil.

The three good H's are: Home, holiness, and happiness.

Think before you speak—once a word is spoken your repentance cannot stop its effect.

Consider your duty well beforehand, so that when duty calls for action you can act quickly.

What to the grumbler appears as exaggeration may only be the impressions of a hopeful heart rightly expressed.

Local Officers' Page.

LOCAL OFFICERS OF SUSSEX, N.B.

COLOR-SERGT. ALEXANDER BELL, now of Sussex, N.B., was born in St. John, New Brunswick, eighty-one years ago. When ten years old he moved with his parents to Salt Springs, N.B.



Joseph of old, in toiling was following the commands of his Heavenly Father; to do diligently and faithfully whatever his hands found to do.

At an early age he married Mary A. Ireland. To them were born five children. Some years later he, with his wife and children, removed to Elgin, N.B. Here God took his wife home to a better land. After living some time alone he married again. He then removed to Sussex, where he worked at his trade, living a fairly moral life. About fourteen years ago, accompanied by his wife, he attended the Salvation Army meetings. One night Father and Mother Bell's hearts were touched, and both fell at the feet of the Lamb. Both, later on, were enrolled under the flag of yellow, red, and blue. Sister Bell fought in the ranks for eight years, when she was taken ill, and though for a long time she was compelled to keep her bed, she bore her sufferings with a true Christian heart and passed away triumphantly to be with Jesus. Shortly after the death of his sainted wife he went to Elgin and lived with his son. Again he returned to Sussex and built a small cottage. Here he lives alone, as some would say, but not alone, for Jesus is his Saviour and Comforter. Bro. Bell believes and feels the presence of his crucified Lord. Although Bro. Bell has long passed the three score and ten, he can be seen clad in full Army uniform, lantern in hand, and the light of God in his heart, going and coming from the Army meetings. Seldom is his place vacant, and, using his own words, "Only a little while, and then the storms of life will be over." While God gives him the strength he intends to fight and be true to the Master and the Salvation Army.

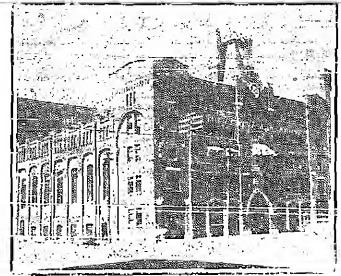
FATHER JOHN MCKENZIE, of Sussex, N.B., was born in Salt Springs, New Brunswick, May 1st, 1821, and there received a common school education.

His parents were God-fearing and taught their son to fear God. The subject of our sketch learned the stone-mason trade. Few men could build a better wall or lay up more stone in a day than Bro. McKenzie.



His trade called him to travel from place to place. This brought him in company which often led him to seek the pleasures of the world. Cards, dancing, and other follies, soon formed much of his pastime. At the age of thirty-six years he married Margaret M. McLeod. About twenty years ago Bro. McKenzie came to Sussex, his wife having died previously. About five years ago he met Capt. Armstrong, when stationed here; went to his meetings at the S. A. hall. After attending several, one night the Holy Spirit spoke to him. He at once went to the penitent font, and was blessedly saved and went forth free, and, using his own words, intends to "follow until he reaches the Promised Land." Although eighty-two years have passed over his head, this aged brother is nearly always in his place on the platform, testifying to the cleansing of the Crucified One. Our comrade is yet able to work at his trade, though he says the day is far spent and soon, at the longest, he will be with them that have gone before. Father McKenzie lives with his mute sister in a quiet little home, where the different officers are always made welcome. Many a meal is shared with them. He wears the Army cap and S's, and always helps in all the work that goes on in the corps, which he dearly loves. Last year he laid the stone wall under a portion of the barracks. We hope Father McKenzie may be spared to us many years yet.—F. W. Wallace.

There are also younger soldiers and minor offices we hope to speak of at another time, if space is given. We have Brother Abraham Andrews, that "blows" the big drum; and Brother Ernest Stevens, that fingers the snare drum, or I may say the modern Goliath of the corps, which are good subjects to write about.—F. W. W.



The Temple Corps Brass Band.

The Temple Corps Brass Band is a unique organization. The members are not all old players, neither are they all beginners, but the band is made up as a whole in a manner that gives it the dash and the enthusiasm of the new beginner, with the ability and steadiness of the old musician.

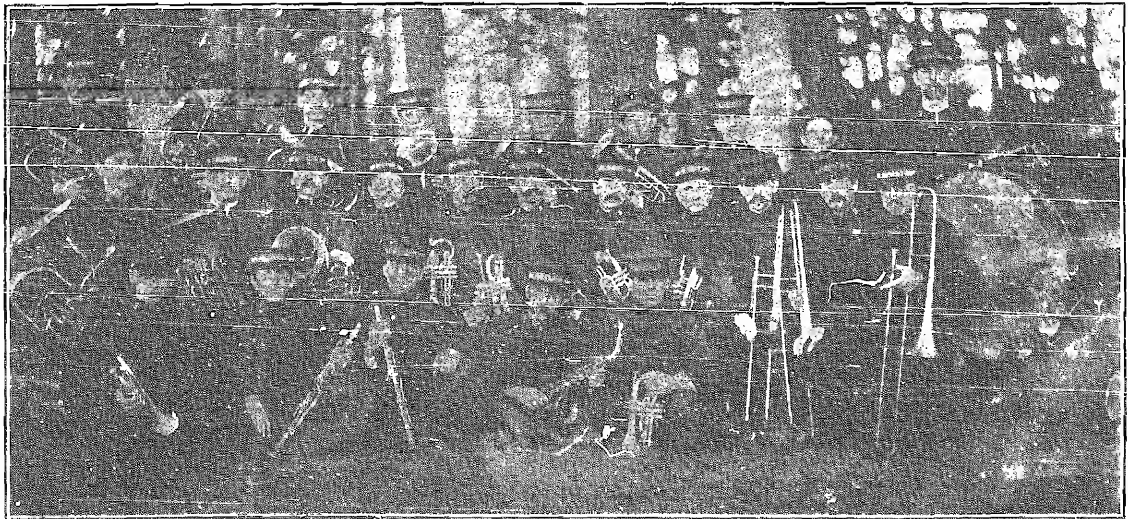
A few of the officers of Headquarters Staff, who are soldiers of the Temple corps, give no small help, and with their Temple comrades unite with their harmonics.

Like all bands, it has been up and down. Bandsmen, as a whole, are migratory. The majority of them could sing truthfully "No bidding place have we." Salvation Army bandsmen do not support themselves by "tooting their horns," as many ignorant folks suppose. Their playing is without charge in any way, and for the glory of God. Hence the reason that, as circumstances in a town or city alter, so do the conditions of the bandsman, and when they find they cannot earn their livelihood in the place where they are S. A. bandsmen they have of necessity to look and go elsewhere.

The Temple corps is right in the heart of the City of Toronto. The band has had experience similar to those of other bands in different parts of the globe consequent to shifting bandsmen. In a terse phrase, "it has had its ups and downs." At the time we have the pleasure of publishing the photograph of the band we are glad to say it is decidedly "up," and, as will be seen, can muster a tidy number.

At the earnest request of some of the oldest members, the Staff Bandmaster, Staff-Captain Harry Morris, was persuaded to take the oversight of the band in addition to his other responsibilities, and the wisdom of the choice has been well repaid. To put it "mild," they play really well. New instruments have been added recently, at great expense, including a saxophone, clarinets, and slide trombones.

Best of all, they are all dressed in full uniform.



THE TEMPLE CORPS BRASS BAND, TORONTO.

The War Cry.

PRINTED for Evangeline Booth, Commissioner of the Salvation Army in Canada, Newfoundland, Bermuda, the North-Western States of America, and Alaska, by John M. C. Horn, at the Salvation Army Printing House, 11 Albert Street, Toronto.

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All Cheques, P. O. and Express Orders should be made payable to Evangeline Booth.

All manuscripts to be written in ink or by typewriter, and on one side of the paper only. Write name and address plainly.

GAZETTE.

Promotion—

Lieut. Wm. Cummings, Newfoundland, to be Captain.

Appointments—

STAFF-CAPT. AYRE, Lisgar St., to Brandon Corps and District.

ADJ'T. E. HAYES, Calgary, to Grand Forks Corps and District.

ADJ'T. A. HAYES, Grand Forks, to Jamestown Corps and District.

ADJ'T. ALWARD, Brandon, to Winnipeg.

ENSIGN SLOTE, Winnipeg, to Calgary Corps and District.

ENSIGN BROWN, resting, to Campbellton, N.B.

ENSIGN STAIGER, Port Arthur, to Moorhead.

ENSIGN SOUTHALL, Jamestown, to Port Arthur.

ENSIGN BRANT, Omamee, to Uxbridge.

EVANGELINE C. BOOTH,
Commissioner.



The Commissioner.

We are able to say that the Commissioner has made some progress in recuperating her strength, but is still very weak and will yet require some time of quietness and careful attendance before being able to walk about. We are thankful, however, for the steady improvement and have hopes that in a few weeks the Commissioner will be again in our midst directing the affairs of the Territory.

The Coming International Congress.

As already announced, the General has decided to have an International Congress at London during July or August, 1904. The Salvation Army will be represented by delegations from all countries of the globe where our flag flies, and this Congress is expected to be the biggest ever held in the history of the Army. Canadian officers who wish to be present should make application at an early date, to the Chief Secretary, in order that satisfactory arrangements can be made for their furlough and for transportation.

A Cosmopolitan Army.

The greatest glory of the Salvation Army, as an organization, apart from its soul-saving and reform work, is its international character, and the harmony and comradeship which exists between its members of every nationality.

These are the days of approachment. Men recognize that humanity is above all the differences of nationality, climate, language, interest, commerce, and other things that make for division. One of the causes enthusiastically championed to-day by the people who speak the English language is the alliance of the Anglo-Saxon

race; and it is a glorious ambition, worthy of all encouragement and success. Again the many international congresses now held in the interest of science, labor, peace, and progress, as well as the frequent exhibitions of commerce and industry, with the great facilities of quick and cheap transportation, bring nations face to face with nations, and reveal to peoples of different lands the fact that national differences have been exaggerated by the want of mutual acquaintance and contact, and that there exist many things in which all the world finds a common interest. Only recently a journalist, in a clever article, prophesied the United States of Europe to become a fact in the near future, being the natural outcome of the increasing conviction among European nations that their interests are less conflicting than they are similar, or even identical. But none of those means within their sphere extend the feeling of the cosmopolitan brotherhood of man like the Salvation Army, because it stands unique as one organization, represented throughout the world by its chief characteristic of the peaceful conquest of the nations for the Kingdom of Christ. Within its ranks the narrow patriotism for the inhabitants of a small portion of the earth is replaced by the universal love of Christ for all mankind, expanding the heart, the capacities, and the life, and in this matter our beloved General has become the patriarch of the new century; the modern Abraham, in whom all the nations of the earth are blessed, and whose spiritual progeny already is becoming like the sand of the sea shore, the pioneers of the United States of the World.

An Honorable Withdrawal.

Lieut.-Colonel Mrs. Read, who was compelled by her prolonged illness to relinquish her position of Women's Social Secretary some months ago, but has since held the position of Auxiliary Secretary, has, in consideration of her physical weakness, felt it the wisest course for her to withdraw from the ranks, and was married last Thursday to Mr. Johnston, of Barrie, a tried friend and Auxiliary of the Army for many years. The Commissioner has given her blessing to the marriage in view of the exceptional circumstances and honorable withdrawal after twenty years of faithful service, and the War Cry wishes Mrs. Johnston health and happiness. We would like to say that Mrs. Johnston will remain a Salvationist and retain her position as Secretary for the Auxiliary work of this country.

Wanted!—Photos and sketches of Local Officers and corps bands, from every corps in the Territory. Officers, Corps Correspondents, or Local Officers are urgently requested to forward such to the Editor without delay.

London Camp Meetings.

(Special by wire.)

The crowds and finances for week-end were excellent. Brigadier Hargrave in charge, assisted by other officers, report six for salvation during week-end. Things are looking splendid for next eight days' campaign, if weather favorable. Officers and soldiers in first rate spirits. God is working mightily. Hallelujah!—John Rawling, Major.

Bermuda Breezes at Sydney.

(By Wire.)

Londonderry Aroused.

(By Wire.)

Words are inadequate to express the tremendous time the Evangelical Troupe have had at Londonderry. Never yet in their labors has God so wonderfully blessed their efforts. To date we registered sixty souls for salvation and twenty for purity. Town shaken from centre to circumference. Reinforced for week-end by Major Howell and writer. Largest available building in town far too small to hold crowds hundreds turned away. People delighted with the Major's music and powerful addresses. Income for week \$227. Thirty souls for pardon and purity. Ensign and Mrs. M. Heney and their faithful workers in grand spirits; officers cheered, souls quickened, and sinners deeply convicted. To God be all the glory.—Capt. De-Bow.

Chief Secretary Visits Ottawa.

(Special.)

We have just been highly favored by a visit from the Chief Secretary, Colonel Jacobs. Although in Ottawa on business, the Colonel found sufficient time to lead a grand spiritual meeting on Wednesday evening, Aug. 19th. The Colonel was present at the open-air meeting, and led a red-hot attack on the forces of sin. Large crowds were present and listened very earnestly to the words of life and liberty which were proclaimed to them through the blood of Jesus. In the barracks the Colonel conducted a short testimony meeting. Then taking as his subject "The Shunnamite's Son," he brought many thoughts before us which need the most earnest consideration. At the close of the meeting hands went up for prayer, and we are believing for a harvest time soon as a result. We were very much pleased to see and hear our Chief Secretary.—Sec. French.



View of Fort Simpson, N.W.T.

The General Visits Yorkshire.

Eight Thousand People Flock to the Beautiful St. George's Hall, Bradford.

Yorkshire is a big county, and its people warm-souled, hospitable, energetic, and shrewd. Most folks, but especially Salvationists, like to be amongst them. The General is no exception; and the fact that about eight thousand Yorkshiremen crowded to hear him at Bradford last week-end is as significant as it is gratifying.

The Salvation Army is, as the Bradford Telegraph said on Saturday, "skilled in the magnificent art of transforming human wrecks into respectable citizens," and its devoted founder has, by merit of the beneficent and Christlike agencies which he has set in motion, turned public hatred into almost universal admiration, and prejudice into love.

Every corner of the hall of No. 1. corps on Saturday night was packed by 1,600 enthusiastic and expectant soldiers, who would rather have lost a week's pay than miss hearing the Grand and Good Old Man they love so well. How they sang as they waited for the General, whose train was delayed! Not a closed mouth or a glum face could be seen. This was Yorkshire relish of a better sort!

The General looked as bonnie as ever, while his address was superb. For an hour and five minutes, and in fiery and yet plain language, he breathed forth inspiration and admonition upon the upturned hearts opened to him! What is even more to the point, forty-four men and women responded to the clarion-call which the General addressed to the half-hearted and the backsliders—including a man who was wearing two medals, and another had been a backslider for twenty-four years.

"Aye, lad, that meetin' were prime!" said someone near me. And so it were! What is more, it was but the beginning to a "prime" campaign in which the General was once more to lead many souls into light and liberty.

A DAY OF DELIVERANCE.

While making our way through the rain to that magnificent and spacious building, St. George's Hall, the bells in the tower near by were chiming that sweet invitation, "Oh, come, let us adore Him!" The melody couldn't carry itself far on the boisterous wind, but, nevertheless, from every corner of the city and from miles beyond, hundreds of earnest men and women, some impelled by the same spirit that inspired the composer of the song, others perhaps out of sheer curiosity, flocked to the morning holiness meeting conducted by the General.

Our Leader very accurately interpreted the inexpressible longings of our hearts, speaking with the fervor of a prophet and the fearlessness and force of a messenger from Jehovah.

He certainly shot the convincing arrow of divine truth into many hearts when, with sudden and startling decisiveness, he declared that God, in asking for our surrender and consecration to His service, was only asking what was due to Him who redeemed us from all evil, and purchased us with the life-blood of His dear Son.

The backslider soon found his rotten props of respectability and profession collapsing; the faint-hearted, in their turn, got a fresh vision of God's almighty sovereignty and strength, and opened wide their heart's door so that His Spirit of all-sufficiency might enter and set them on fire with holy zeal and daring. In short, whatever our individual disappointments or discouragements, whatever our weakness or weariness, our short-comings or our sins, the General, as the mouthpiece of God, introduced us to the remedy. And ere this revealing and helpful meeting closed, the Spirit of cleansing, quickening power transformed the attitude and the actions of many a heart and life.

When the General faced his audience of two thousand people in the afternoon, all sorts and conditions of people sat before him. With infinite tenderness, yet with the determination of the surgeon who can heal only by hurting the patient, the speaker opened up the Scriptures, and addressed himself to the sin-seared and sorrowful souls covered by gay garments as well as by threadbare coats.

How vividly he pictured the horror of the everlasting portion of those who find time to attend to the vanities and sins of this world, but persistently excuse themselves when asked to devote even a few moments to a consideration of their immortal interests! By the fascination and force of his words, he gripped the imagination of his audience, and took us all within sound of the bitter wailings of the lost.

Not only so, but by wonderful appropriate and striking illustrations gleaned from his own world-wide experience, he introduced us to the miserable abodes and deplorable conditions of enchained sinners in this life. Tears of sorrow and repentance blurred the vision of scores, and that the General's appeal inspired much more than emotion, is evidenced by the fact that ere the meeting closed men and women were at the penitent form in search of the deliverance which they were urged to accept.

At night St. George's Hall contained a congregation that must have rejoiced the heart of the General in spite of the fatigue occasioned by his tedious journey to Bradford, and the stiff fights encountered in the previous meetings. Notwithstanding the inclement weather which characterized the greater part of the day, the wide area and the two roomy galleries which, tier upon tier, run round the hall, were obscured by a sea of over three thousand faces. During the preceding week 210 public-houses had been visited, and, curiously enough, the landlords at all these permitted an announcement regarding the General's meetings to be posted on their premises.

Punctually at half-past six, the bombardment of those fortresses in which sinners had entrenched themselves was resumed.

Brigadier Whiller and Major Gregory prayed as men who saw hundreds of deluded human beings walking blindfolded along the brink of perdition. Colonel Lawley afterwards filled the

building with the melody of his heart-searching solo.

Then the General stepped forward, and from lips that had been touched with a live coal from off the altar of redeeming love, began to flow a torrent of exposition, warning, and appeal. Sceptics, drunkards, backsliders, prodigals, and professors hung on the fervent words as though their doom depended upon it. Sinners fidgeted and trembled as the General tore aside the curtains of hypocrisy and apparent respectability behind which they strove to hide their abominations from the gaze of God and men. His voice penetrated to the utmost corner of the great building.

Then, when hearts were torn and bleeding, the General began to direct the wounded to the Great Physician in tones that now breathed forth infinite tenderness and compassion.

After a stiff fight, the angels in heaven, and the Salvation Army at Bradford on earth, rejoiced over sixty-one in the fountain.

The Bermuda Band on Tour.

(By Wire.)

The Bermuda Band met with a very hearty reception on landing on Canadian soil at Halifax. Their first meeting was in every way a success. They were also greeted with a full house at Dartmouth. The meetings at New Glasgow were beyond expectation; the McNeil Opera House was filled on each occasion. Income for week-end \$110, and five souls. St. John's excelled itself; full house; forty-seven dollars. The band also received a splendid reception at Westville, was greeted with large crowds; \$40 income. The Chancellor accompanied the band at the above places.—T.

Peterboro Band Enterprise.

Under the leadership of Bandmaster Green the Peterboro Brass Band is making rapid headway. When all the members are mustered there are thirty-two of them. The band boys and girls are to be commended for their zeal and enterprise in collecting about \$500 for the purchase of new instruments.

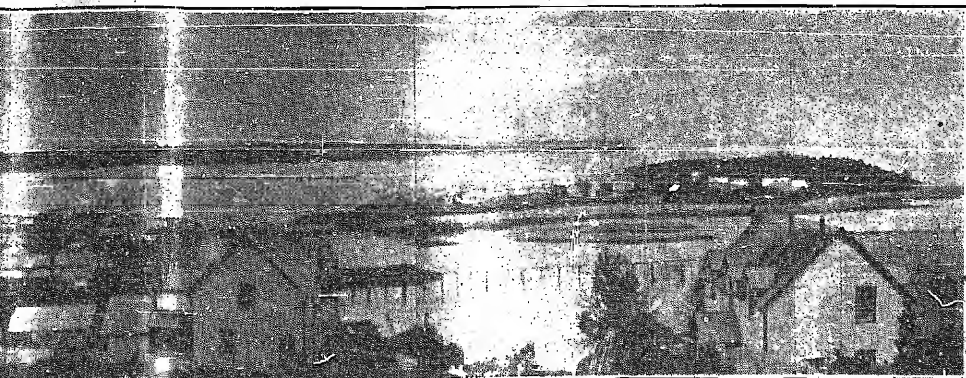
It was our privilege a few days ago to see Bandmaster Green and his brother Carlos (the latter, by the way is settled in a pretty little home of his own, and seems extremely happy), and their enthusiasm over matters pertaining to the corps was quite catching.

We found Brother Ralph Braund as busy as could be on the famous quilt, while Mother Green looked on approvingly, calculating upon her part of the work. The quilt, when completed, will certainly be a great curiosity as it will be adorned with the names of personages illustrious and otherwise from all parts of the world. Seeing the spaces to hold the said names have been purchased at prices ranging from 10c. to \$10, it will readily be seen the quilt idea has been a great success financially.

A Japanese Convert.

"During my recent illness," says a Japanese woman soldier in the Tokio War Cry, "God specially blessed me. When I was sick previously my husband never used to say, 'How are you to-day?' or 'Why do you not eat?' But now he is properly converted, and when I was ill the other week he asked me several times a day how I was. He also looked after the children, did the housework, and even the washing. Not only that, but he would come to me and say, 'Well, if you cannot eat rice I will give you some heavenly bread.' Then he would read and explain to me something from the Bible. I feel that I have much to thank God for."

NEW BUILDINGS.—The new building at New Glasgow will be ready for opening the third week in September. The corps has been successful in raising an additional \$500 towards the new citadel. Capts. Locke and Freeman have taken the opportunity of going home to see their families while the plasterers are at work. They return next week to finish the work. It is expected that building operations will commence at Woodstock, N.B., about the middle of September.



Simpson, N.B., the headquarters of the G. T. P. N.Y.

[illegible]



Canadian Cuttings.

Eleven thousand people were taken to the west by harvesters' excursions, 6,262 from Ontario.

An electric storm caused a lot of damage in western Ontario. Many farmers lost their barns and crops.

Several trees were uprooted near Simcoe by a hurricane, fruit and crops damaged and buildings wrecked.

Canadian Pacific and Canadian Northern officials say their rolling stock is sufficient to handle the western grain crop.

A party is going out to survey the land north of the Temiskaming Railway, to choose a route for the proposed Grand Trunk Pacific.

The present session of Parliament has already lasted 172 days, which is equal to that of 1885, the longest Parliamentary session in Canadian history.

In a wreck on the Grand Trunk near the Nith bridge five cars were derailed, and Brakeman Tise, of Hamilton, who went back to flag the express, was run over and killed.

At Princeton a freight train ran into the rear of one standing on a siding. A tank of gasoline exploded, severely burning Brakeman Barrow, of Stratford, and a large quantity of railway property was burned.

President Mackenzie says the Canadian Northern have postponed, not abandoned, their transcontinental project.

Lord Minto viewed the sailors and marines from H.M.S. Ariadne, Retribution, and Tribune on the Plains of Abraham.

It is reported that masked robbers secured fifteen thousand dollars from sluice boxes at Atlin.

The Government has fixed Thanksgiving Day for October 15th this year.

Blight is destroying the plums in Stratford district.

Brantford City Council passed a by-law prohibiting spitting on sidewalks.

U. S. Siftings.

Sam Parks, the business agent of the House-smiths and Bridgemen's Union, of New York, was sent to Sing Sing for extortion.

The United States army will be re-armed with an improved Springfield rifle, the authorities having decided to discard the Krag-Jorgensen.

The third trial of former Secretary of State Powers for complicity in the murder of Governor Goebel, of Kentucky, resulted in the sentence of death.

The William L. Douglas, the first steel six-mast schooner ever built, was successfully launched from the yards of the Fore River Ship & Engine Co., at Quincy, Mass. The Douglas is 306 feet on the water line, 339 feet 6 inches over all, 48 feet beam, and has a displacement equal to 7,700 tons.

British Briefs.

The funeral of Lord Salisbury took place at Hatfield. Wreaths were sent by the King and Queen.

About 140 small whales were driven ashore at St. Mary's Bay, Newfoundland, and were killed by the people of the village.

The English cotton trade is in a worse state than at any time for fifteen years past, owing to the shortage of the cotton supply.

Welsh tinplate works, employing between 20,000 and 30,000 men, are shut down because of a wage dispute.

The Dominion, named in compliment to Canada, and one of the largest vessels in the navy, was launched at Barrow-on-Furness.

The perfect specimen of a great Siberian rhinoceros, dug up in preparing the foundation for a London office, has been accepted by the British museum.

International Items.

The Christian Orient, a German missionary paper published in Berlin, prints correspondence from Teheran, alleging that the leaders of the Persian Mohammedan Church have served notice on the Shah that unless he purges the country of foreign religious and commercial influences, especially British and Russian, the church will precipitate a revolution.

The French steamer Admiral Gueydon, of 3,013 tons, has been given up for lost. There were thirty-seven persons on board.

The Admiral Gueydon was last reported leaving Colombo, August 11th, for Cochín.

Congo advices state that thirty-five persons are now in prison at Boma on various charges of "excessive zeal" in the treatment of natives. Other arrests are expected. It would seem that recent events have quickened the sense of the local authorities, who are now using repressive measures towards those guilty of acts of violence.

The people of Naples and its environs witnessed a remarkable spectacle—one thousand feet below the central cone of Vesuvius, the volcano opened like a huge mouth, out of which belched a fire stream of lava, which ran over the side of the mountain, and at first seemed to menace the observatory, but later it deviated from the building. The eruption occurred without any warning whatever. There was no earthquake, detonation, or fall of ashes, nothing but a clear stream of lava and red-hot stones, which were thrown to a height of seven hundred feet. The stream of lava fifteen feet broad had covered a distance of 2,700 feet.

Scientists throughout Europe are very much interested in two important discoveries which were recently made by Prof. Dr. Wilhelm Oswald, a German chemist. One of these relates to photography, and its crowning merit lies in the fact that by means of a new process Prof. Oswald is able to print pictures from negatives without any light; and the other relates to a new method of producing nitric acid from ammonia.

The death rate from yellow fever at Linares, Mexico, is fourteen a day.

A number of Servians have been sentenced to death for alleged complicity in a plot to assassinate King Peter.

It is reported that Russia is sending troops into Manchuria at the rate of 1,000 per day.

It is reported that negotiations are under way for the formation of an Anglo-German combine to control the Atlantic shipping trade.

The territory lying on the right bank of the lower Senegal River, and inhabited by the Moorish tribes, the Trarza and Braknate, have been quietly added to France's colonial domain.

It is reported that 1,000 Moroccan troops were slain by insurgents.

It is estimated that the funeral procession of the late Menotti Garibaldi, at Rome, was witnessed by 350,000 people.

A Wellington, New Zealand, despatch says: "A terrible eruption of the Waimangu geyser has occurred. Several sight-seers were swept away by the stream of boiling water."

Sixteen soldiers were killed and sixty injured as the result of a railway collision near Undine, Italy.

A Jewish Colony.

A PROPOSED COLONY IN BRITISH EAST AFRICA.

Sir Clement says that Lord Lansdowne had studied the question with the interest which the Government must always take in any well-considered scheme for the amelioration of the position of the Jews. There was not then sufficient time to go fully into the details, but if a suitable site could be found, Lord Lansdowne was prepared to entertain favorably the proposals for the establishment of a Jewish colony in such a manner as to enable the members to observe the national customs, and he was prepared to discuss the details of the scheme, including the grant of a considerable area of land, the appointment of a Jewish official as the chief of the local administration, and the permission of the colony to have a free hand in municipal legislation, the British Government retaining the right to re-occupy the land if the settlement is unsuccessful.

The Macedonian Situation.

A despatch from one of the best informed Consulates says the situation in Macedonia is absolutely intolerable. The Turkish repressive measures have reached the utmost limit of barbarism, with the evident intention of gradually extirpating the Bulgarian population. Twelve villages in the last few days have been handed over to the fire and the sword, and the women and children have been massacred indiscriminately. Even the local Turks, it is said, are disgusted, and meditate the assassination of the Consuls in order to cause European intervention. Whether this wholesale devastation and rapine is due to systematic plan, or to the lawlessness of the soldiery, and the Bushi-Bazouks, the result is the same, and the program of the revolutionaries is being fulfilled to the letter. The insurgents are doubtless taking a terrible revenge, and retaliation is in full operation.

It is reported from Sofia that the police have discovered a tunnel leading under the knee of Prince Ferdinand. It is thirty yards long and it is believed was constructed with the intention of blowing up the palace.

Forty Turkish officers have been ordered to return to Constantinople to answer for the outrages committed at Krushevo. The continued absence of news from the interior of Macedonia is causing great uneasiness to the Turkish officials and much unrest among the public.

End of a Republic.

Altenberg, or Neutral-Moresnet, the little district, covering barely one and a half square miles, and having a population of 2,600 souls, has ceased to be, Prussia having surrendered her claims, dating from the Napoleonic period, to Belgium, in view of a cash consideration. This nook of territory where Holland, Belgium, and Prussia meet belonged to Austria from 1793 to 1814. Following the Napoleonic settlement both Belgium and Prussia claimed Moresnet. They agreed, in 1816, to let the inhabitants rule themselves, the statutes being the code Napoleon. The inhabitants had the free use of the stamps of either country, trade was absolutely free, and the people were exempt from military service. The republic got along well until a few months ago, when gamblers from Liege obtained the Councilmen's consent to erect a gaming pavilion in Moresnet, designed to rival Monte Carlo. Accounts of distinguished persons surrounding the tables drew the attention of both Governments to the anomalous status of the territory, and a quick exchange of communications resulted in an agreement that Prussia would sell her claim to Belgium.

The Nobility of Work

All true work is sacred; in all true work, were it but true, hard labor, there is something of divineness. Labor, wide as the earth has its summit in heaven. Swear of the brow, and up from that to the sweat of the brain, sweat of the heart, which includes all Kepler calculations, Newton meditations, all sciences, all spoken epics, all acted heroisms, martyrdoms, up to that "agony of bloody sweat," which all men have called divine! O brother, if that is not "worship," then I say the more pity for worship; for this is the noblest thing yet discovered under God's sky. Who art thou who complaine of thy life of toil? Complain not. Look up, my wearied brother, see thy fellow-workmen there, in God's eternal city; surviving there, they alone surviving; sacred band of immortals, celestial bodyguard of the empire of mankind. Even in the weak human memory they survive so long, as saints, as heroes, as gods, they at the surviving; peopling, they alone, the unmeasured solitudes of time! To thee, heaven, though severe, is not unkind; heaven is kind, as a noble mother, as that Spartan mother, saying, as she gave her son his shield, "With it, my son, or upon it!" thou too shalt return home in honor, to thy far-distant home in honor; doubt it not, if in the battle thou keep thy shield! Thou in the eternities and deepest death-kingdoms, art not an alien; thou everywhere art a denizen! Complain not; the very Spartans did not complain.—Carlyle.

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Great Britain.]

The Chalk Farm Band has been making an extended tour in the Old Land with pleasing results. The esteem and affection bestowed upon the band were in each place touching and remarkable. In some instances the people went so far as to decorate the streets in honor of the visit. The enthusiasm everywhere was great.

The meals prepared in the kitchen attached to the International Training Homes, London, total an average of nearly seven thousand weekly.

The General may be disposed, we hear, to give the War Cry a series of talks on Revivals.

After about nine years' Army service in Australia, Staff-Capt. and Mrs. Clement Sturges are under orders to farewell. They are returning to England.

United States.

As many as 373 men are being sheltered nightly in the New York Braveman Building, and there are continuous demands for additional accommodation. This building is so extensive as to offer an excellent opportunity for the opening of a corps in connection with it.

Some time ago one of the leading grocery men in an American city died and decreed in his will that the store should take five copies of the War Cry every week. It is done regularly.

Ensign Balfour, of the St. Paul, Minn., Rescue Home, has been appointed Deputy Probationary Police Officer at St. Paul.

The Fresh-Air Camp attached to the National Headquarters, New York, is meeting with great success. On an average, sixty children and their mothers are in residence there. Some of the leading doctors are in continual communication with our officers, with a view to sending out their little patients who require fresh-air treatment.

The Commander's Sunday meetings at the Montvairt, Mass., Camp have been a tremendous success. The meetings were record-breakers, the spacious Auditorium being literally jammed again and again with eager, expectant crowds.

Holland.

Colonel Fornachon has walked into the affections of the Dutch Staff in his new capacity as Chief Secretary. His private welcome was very warm; his public welcome enthusiastic.

Staff-Capt. and Mrs. Vlas, of Holland, are spending a couple of weeks in London. The Staff-Captain is our Trade Secretary in the Dutch Territory—a very promising officer.

India.

Lieut.-Colonel Yesu Ratnam gives some interesting particulars of a meeting held in Colombo, Ceylon, for converts, soldiers, and ex-soldiers. Amongst the crowd who attended were eighteen Tamils, who had professed conversion, and given in their names as soldiers or recruits. Testimonies were given from all parts of the hall, and the Tamil recruits sang a well-known Army village song. During the last three months 235 people have professed salvation in the Colombo Division. At Moratuwa eighteen sought the Saviour. At another corps the congregation at a small meeting consisted of only twelve people, of whom eight left, leaving only four at the close. These four all sought salvation. In one corps a whole family have got converted.

Lieut.-Colonel Yuddha Bai, of the Punjab (India) Territory, in a recent letter, says, "One of our Field Officers has been treating his villagers for plague. He tells me that out of seven to whom he administered medicine four were his own soldiers, two were Mohammedans and one was a Hindu. Six of them had completely recovered; the seventh was slightly relieved, and hoped he would recover."

THE WAR CRY.

Daily Mercies.

Tune.—Glory, glory, glory! *Glory to the Lamb.*
Shall I tell you of what I've been singing,
And singing the live-long day,
From the earliest dawn of the morning,
Till the sunset faded away?

Chorus.

Then what can I do but trust Him,
Since He sends me what is best,
And I know He is leading me safely
To His own eternal rest?

And on through the still, sweet evening,
And into the starry night,
Till my soul is filled with music,
And the way is all flooded with light.

It is of the Lord's rich blessings,
And His tender mercies I sing.
Thick as the fragrant blossoms
In the wonderful, beautiful spring.

All fraught with grace and helping,
Then come straight down from above,
From the hand of my Heavenly Father,
Whose very name is Love.

Sometimes I can hardly see them,
When doubts and fears assail,
But 'tis only my blinded vision,
And not that His mercies fail.
And sometimes they look like sorrows,
All fierce, and dark, and chill;
But when I turn to the other side,
The mercies are shining still.

From the Wilderness to Pentecost

TWO PRIVATE LETTERS FROM A NEW ZEALAND
CORPS-CADET TO A W. I. OFFICER.

I.

"I have been silent toward you for a long time, but am now desirous of re-opening a correspondence with you.

"I have the possession of a clean heart at last. That "at last" means a lot. I have for some months lost the blessing of full salvation through disobedience and self-will, but I asked again for it—urgently, definitely, expectantly—and God has again baptized me with the Holy Ghost. I was made to think for a short time that it was almost sacrilege on my part to think to possess the Third Person in my heart; but, ah! how different it is now.

"The word of His grace is able to build you up, and to give you an inheritance among all them which are sanctified.

"I must needs tell you, Adjutant, that I broke my vows to God, and left the Salvation Army, and tried to find peace elsewhere. But I lost all I possessed, and then for a long time I was too proud to admit that I was wrong and to go back. For six months I rebelled. At length, however, I humbled myself before God, and did my first works again. To my joy He received me, and forgave me when He saw I was again willing to take up the cross I had thrown aside.

"I was immediately restored to soldiery, and reinstated to Corps-Cadetship. Then I experienced once more that calm joy that a full surrender gives, and the peace of a mind that knows no will but God's. I still enjoy this blessed experience, and believe that I shall not frustrate God's grace again.

"I have just returned home from a two months' tour round the North Island, and have learnt much at meetings I have attended, led by Commissioner McKie. God helped me to be a fisher in many of the meetings, and this exercise has strengthened me.

"I still correspond with Violet, in Ceylon. She seemed glad to hear that I had left the Army. I convinced all my friends that I had done right, but have since had to tell them otherwise. This has been a great cross, but I had to take it up.

"I am writing to Lilly and other of my girl-friends, on holiness. Thank God, I can teach it once more. When I left the Army I seemed to have no power for service whatever. My mind seemed mixed, and I hardly knew what I believed. I used to read Dowie's writings, the Latter-Day Saints, and the Baptists'. Now,

however, I know nothing save Christ and Him crucified. Forms, creeds, prophecies, and ordinances may have their place, but not in my heart again!

"I am convinced that men and women, have immortal souls, and if they are not saved for heaven they will be damned for all eternity. I am concerned about sin, and death, and judgment, and hell; of Jesus' death for our sins, and of salvation and holiness and heaven."

(To be continued.)

Montreal Quartet on Tour.

Brigadier Turner and the Montreal Quartet spent ten days amongst the green hills of Vermont. For scenery, this place is hard to beat. It is a part of the country where the farmer raises two crops of hay in one year. The people of Vermont are a good-hearted, generous crowd, and are noted for their friendly spirit.

Burlington was our first stop. Here we conducted eight meetings in one day (including outside meetings). Adj. Newman, who is in charge, was pleased to see us, and gave us a hearty welcome. The Brigadier gave an address in the Y.M.C.A. Hall. Capt. Bliss sang, and Alvin and Willie Goodier sang a duet. We closed our meetings on Sunday night with two souls kneeling at the pentecost form.

Essex Junction came next. This place is only eight miles from Burlington. Owing to exceptional business Brigadier Turner had to return to Montreal. The meeting was held in the Methodist Church by Capt. Bliss and the two boys. We had a good time, and the people appreciated the singing very much. A doctor from New York City was present and was greatly taken up with Willie's violin selections. Adj. Newman read from God's Word and invited the people to seek first the Kingdom, and we believe much good was accomplished.

Montpelier, which is the capital of the State, came next. Here we had our first big meeting. Captain Bliss and the boys had a meeting in the fall in the afternoon. Many of the prisoners were in tears when the boys were singing "The Homeland." When we arrived there we wanted to live a better life than Christ our poor fellow came and knelt at the mercy seat. The meeting was in the Baptist Church. Although it was a night meeting, we had a fair crowd. Rev. Lambson, pastor of the Church, was present and spoke very kindly of our work, also invited the people to live a more consecrated life. We closed the meeting feeling that we had done our duty for God and souls.

At Granville we held our next meeting. This is where the largest granite quarries in the world are. A meeting had been arranged in the Presbyterian Church. We commenced with that good old song, "There is a Fountain." Brother Rogers, from Tennessee, prayed, the Goodier brothers sang a duet, and Capt. Bliss read the lesson. The people enjoyed it so much that some of them drove down to Barre to hear us again.

We had the Methodist Church at Williston. Rev. Mr. Currier, the pastor, was exceedingly kind to us. A good crowd attended our meeting, and the Spirit of the Lord was with us. Brigadier Turner came to Barre for the week-end meetings. The quartet was in full swing when we heard the whistle of the train. Two Brigadiers were on the spot in a few minutes! The meetings were announced, and we marched to the hall. There a good crowd was given. Four brave soldiers were present. The Quartet and Barre Band united and rendered some of our songs. The people listened attentively, and were very much taken up with the Goodier boys' singing. Mrs. Baugher gave out a song, the Quartet spoke, and Brigadier Turner read the lesson and wielded the Gospel sword right and left. Although we saw no visible results, we were convinced that the truth had gone into the hearts of the people. The Quartet and Barre Band united and rendered some good music. The Barre people were much pleased with the Montreal Quartet, and say, "Come again." Ensign and Mrs. Crox were very kind to us. God bless them much.—One of the Boys.

Promoted to Glory.

COME TO HIS REWARD.

Little Bay Island.—We are called upon to mourn the death of a loved comrade, Samuel Chapman, aged sixteen years and two months. Our comrade had suffered for over a year with a sore foot. He was taken to the General Hospital at St. John's, with the hope that he might be restored to health, but God willed it otherwise.

Brother Chapman gave his heart to God during the visits of Lieut. Skinner, who was in charge of the corps at the time of his illness. He proved faithful to the end, and has gone to his reward. He was frequently visited and comforted by the officers, and nurses and doctors were very kind to him, doing all in their power to prolong his life. His father and mother are both soldiers of this corps, and to them we extend our deepest sympathy.—Mrs. John Jones.

JESUS IS ALL-IN-ALL.

Comford Cove.—Death has again visited our ranks, and taken from us our much-loved comrade, Brother Cooper. Our departed comrade had been a faithful soldier of this corps for over six years. For a number of months he was a great sufferer, but he bore it all with patience. On Wednesday morning, July 30th, the summons came. As we stood by his bedside and sang his favorite chorus, "With His cross on my shoulder I will follow the Lamb," his Spirit passed away to be with Jesus. We do not mourn as those who have no hope. His last words were, "Jesus is all-in-all."

We held a memorial service on Sunday night, which was a profitable time. Lieut. Walsby, who was with us all day, rendered good assistance, and we had the joy of seeing two souls seeking salvation. We pray that God may bless and comfort the bereaved ones.—G. S. L.

Women's Social Work.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

Will all those who desire to enter as officers of the Women's Social and Children's Rescue Work, write for full particulars to Mrs. Brigadier Southall, Albert St., Toronto.

TO OUR FRIENDS.

Kindly send all donations or subscriptions for the Women's Social or Children's Rescue Work to Miss Booth, Albert St., Toronto, or to any of the following addresses.

Kindly state for which branch your gift is intended.
 Rescue Homes, Children's Homes and Hospitals.
 Toronto, Ont., 918 Young St. Adj. Lowrie.
 London, Ont., Riverview Ave. Adj. McDougall.
 Winnipeg, Man., 488 Young St. Adj. Kerr.
 St. John, N.B., 23 St. James St. Staff-Capt. Hoban.
 Montreal, Que., 243 St. Antoine St. Staff-Capt. Killy.
 Halifax, N.S., 71 Windsor St. Adj. Mrs. Payne.
 St. John's, Nfld., 25 Cook St. Ensign Hall.
 Ottawa, Ont., 121 Daly Ave. Adj. Hicks.
 Hamilton, Ont., 119 Westward St. Ensign Brewster.
 Butte, Mont., 404 W. Broadway. Capt. Earle.
 Spokane, Wash., 730 S. Chandler St. Staff-Capt. East.
 Vancouver, B.C., 789 Seymour St. Ensign Butler.
 Toronto, Ont., 63 Farley Ave. Ensign Crocker.

SONGS OF THE WEEK.

The Precious Blood.

BY LIEUT. K. ALLEN, KEMPTVILLE.

Tune.—*Scatter seeds of kindness; Let me love Thee* (B.J. 154); *Silver threads* (B.J. 19).

With my heart all worn and weary
Of rebellion, strife, and sin,
At the cross, Lord, see me kneeling,
Wash me now and make me clean.
Let the precious, cleansing current
Flood the regions deep within,
Every idol overthrowing,
Dwell Thyself as Lord and King.

The precious blood is cleansing,
And my heart is pure within.

Grace enough to me is promised,
Power to walk and talk with Thee,
Love to fill the utmost longing
Of my soul for more of Thee.
As I'm kneeling in Thy presence,
Let the fire from heaven fall,
Sanctifying, making ready
To obey Thy every call.

True Till Death.

BY C. W. MCGEE, REVELSTOKE, B.C.

Tune.—*Roused from my slumber* (B.J. 33).

Oh, praise the Lord, it's good to be saved,
Glory to God for ever!
Now I have found what long I have craved—
Power from sin to sever.
Blessed be God for what He has done!
Bless Him for life in my soul begun!
Now in the Army I mean to fight,
Till my last victory's won.

Chorus.

Yes, true till death; O Lord, keep me true,
Teach me to fight, and guide me;
Lead me to victory, help me go through,
Stay every hour beside me.

Blessed be Jesus! oh, what a change
His power has wrought within me;
Deep from my heart rise joys new and strange,
Angels of peace attend me.
Love of my brother, love to my Lord,
Move me at once to unsheath the sword;
Grace to endure and power to succeed,
This is His promised word.

To rescue others now I will fight,
No: I will serve my Saviour,
I will obey as He gives me light,
Striving to keep His favor.
Jesus does love His children, I'm sure,
Angels rejoice when they join the war;
Satan is angry losing his prey—
I do rejoice the more.

Walk with Jesus.

BY CAPT. MCWILLIAM, BERMUDA.

Tune.—*Some day the silver cord will break.*

One day the chains of sin He broke,
My loving Saviour, Lord, and King,
And, oh, the joy and peace He gives,
As closer to His side I cling!
And now I walk with Jesus here,
And have His presence ever near.
(Repeat.)

One day myself to Him I gave,
The Holy Ghost then sanctified,
And this I know my All-in-All
Within my heart does still abide.

Some day, when my life's work is done
Beneath the Army flag so dear,
And I shall cross the swelling tide,
His welcome voice I then shall hear.

2nd Chorus.

And I shall walk with Jesus there,
And have His presence ever near.
(Repeat.)

Until He comes I'll push the fight,
With heart sincere and garments white,
And then go sweeping through the gates,
Into that blessed land of light.

The Backslider's Return.

BY COMMANDER BOOTH-TUCKER.

Tunes.—*I bring my all to Thee* (B.J. 107), or
any common metre tune.

A sinner stood and sadly watched
An Army open-air,
And thought upon the time when he
Its uniform did wear;
How gladly he at first had donned
The Army suit of blue,
And promised, come what might, to be
A soldier good and true.

Chorus.

Oh, won't you come and wear again
Your Army suit of blue?
Oh, won't you come and be once more
A soldier good and true?
Oh, won't you live for God and souls?
Your life is passing by;
Oh, be a soldier of the cross
And meet us in the sky!

Once he had loved to join the march,
With banner wide unfurled,
And loved to sing, "Salvation is
The best thing in the world."
Thousands had listened while he gave
His testimony clear,
And he had served with all his heart
And soul his Saviour dear.

But love of ease and worldly gain
Had made his heart grow cold;
His prayers first lost their fervor, and
His faith its grip and hold;
Then he had doffed his uniform,
And colder, colder grew,
And ceased to march and fight behind
The yellow, red, and blue.

As he recalled the happy past,
His conscience did awake,
Tears filled his eyes and now he felt
As though his heart would break;
And while the Captain pleaded on:
"Backslider, won't you come?"
The soldiers shouted, "Another soul
Kneels at the Army drum!"

2nd Chorus.

Oh, yes, I'll come and wear again—
My Army suit of blue;
Oh, yes, I'll come and be once more
A soldier good and true!
Oh, yes, I'll live for God and souls,
For life is passing by;
I'll be a soldier of the cross
And meet you in the sky.

Will You Come?

BY HERBERT KING, TILT COVE.

Tunes.—*Traveling home* (B.B. 7); *What's the news* (B.J. 12); *Better world* (B.J. 11).

There is a land of pure delight,
Will you come?
With endless day, there is no night,
Will you come?
There Jesus stands and intercedes,
And there with God He ever pleads,
That we from sin might be set free,
Will you come?

Why, then, do you God's mercy spurn?
Come to-night!
God's love and goodness you will learn,
Come to-night!

Oh, come, this night may be your last,
Come, ere the day of mercy's past,
Before death's cloud o'er you is cast,
Come to-night!

Come, sinner, turn to God to-night,
Come to-night!
Turn from your darkness into light,
Come to-night!
Oh, turn from sin to serve your God,
And tread the path your fathers trod,
And get your heart washed in His blood,
Come to-night!

Jesus Will Save.

BY CECIL F. SEAMAN, LIEUT.

Tune.—*Come with thy sin.*

Sinner, you're drifting from God and His mercy,
Headless of danger, though warned day by day;
Why won't you list to His tender entreaty,
"Come unto Me and rest while you may?"

Chorus.

Jesus will save! Jesus will save!
Ere death o'ertake you,
Jesus will save!

Soon death will come—then with terror you'll tremble,
Knowing you've lived far from God and the light;
What will you say when you meet Him in judgment?
Dark deeds will then be held to the light.
Souls may be there who've reached heav'n by your dealing,
Yet you yourself may be lost—sad to think;
Come, ere too late, to the cross, and, there kneeling,
Pardoned you'll be—or in hell you may sink!

Seek the Saviour.

BY LIEUT. EDITH THORNTON, ST. JOHNSBURY.

Tunes.—*Scatter seeds of kindness.*

Sinner, Jesus waits to pardon
All the black and guilty past,
If to Him you come for mercy,
And forgiveness you will ask.
Hark, He's knocking at your heart's door,
Seeks to gain an entrance there,
Can you still resist His pleading,
Still reject this Prince so fair?

Chorus.

O sinner, seek the Saviour, (Repeat)
While He's knocking let Him in.
Time is passing, quickly passing,
You are drifting near the shore,
Though to-day the Saviour calls you,
You may hear His voice no more.
Oh, to be shut out of heaven,
And to hear the cry, "Too late!"
Sinner, won't you stop a moment,
Think of what an awful fate!

You have loved ones over yonder,
Whom you promised you would meet
In that land where all is sunshine,
Over on the golden street.
But your promise is forgotten,
And you've wandered far from God.
Yet you now may be forgiven,
If you seek the cleansing blood.

Tunes.—*Remember me; Belmont.*

Alas! and did my Saviour bleed,
And did my Sovereign die?
Did He devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?

Chorus.

Remember me, remember me,
O Lord, remember me;
Remember, Lord Thy dying groans,
And then remember me.

Was it for sins that I have done
He suffered on the tree?
Amazing pity, grace unknown,
And love beyond degree!
Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ, the mighty Maker, died
For man, the creature's sin.
Dear Saviour, I can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away,
'Tis all that I can do.